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## THE MOUNTAINEER

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### Poetry.

#### THE BLARNEY STONE.

BY JOHN G. BAXE.

In Blarney Castle, on a thrilling tower,  
There lies a stone (above your ready reach),  
Which to the lips imparts, 'tis said, the power,  
Of facile falsehood, and persuasive speech;  
And hence, of one who talks in such a tone,  
The peasants say, "He's kissed the Blarney stone."

Thus, when I see some flippant tourist a-well  
With secrets wrested from an Emperor;  
And hear him vaunt his bravery, and tell  
How once he snubbed a Marquis; I infer  
The man came back,—if but the truth were known,—  
By kissing that old, and sacred, Blarney stone.

So, when I hear a shallow dandy boast  
(In the long ear that marks the brother duce),  
What precious favors ladies' lips have lost,  
To his advantage, I suspect at once,  
The fellow's lying, that the dog alone,  
Enough for him, has kissed the Blarney stone.

When some fine lady,—ready to defame  
An absent beauty, with as sweet a grace,—  
With seeming rapture greets a hated name,  
And lauds her rival to her wondering face,  
Even Charity herself can't help but own,  
Some women, too, have kissed the Blarney stone.

When the false pastor, from his fainting flock  
Withholds the bread of Life—the Gospel news,  
To give them dainty words, lest he should shock  
The fragile fabric of the paying pews,—  
Who but must feel, the man, to grace unknown,  
Has kissed,—not Calvary,—but the Blarney Stone.

### Selections.

#### MR. AND MRS. BETTYWINKLE.

"Will you stop that noise, children," snarled Mrs. Bettywinkle—certainly a very queer name, and we will venture to assert that it is not legally applicable to a single individual of the one million two hundred thousand inhabitants of Massachusetts; but we have chosen it because we do not wish to be personal, and because the hair is getting thin on the summit of our cranium.

Mrs. Bettywinkle spoke in snappy, snarly tones, something like the barking of a small puppy, that has not the remotest intention of biting anybody—in those high, sharp tones which encourage children to disobey their parents and teachers, and which are the capital stock of the confirmed scold.

The children did not stop their noise; on the contrary, the din became more intense, and Mrs. Bettywinkle began to grow desperate.

"Will you stop that noise children? It is one everlasting racket from morning till night. I can't have a moment's peace of my life while you are in the house, except when you are asleep. It is tip over the table, tip over the chair, tip over everything. It is run, stamp, scream, and yell every moment of the time. When you are not in one kind of mischief, then you are in another. I am almost dis-

tracted. You are wearing the life out of me."

Mrs. Bettywinkle, having discharged these spleen words at the offending juveniles, evidently felt a little better, and resumed her sewing, very much as a despairing galley slave might be supposed to resume his oar after a momentary respite from his thankless toil. The noise was not in the slightest degree abated, however, for Johnny still whined, Susie shrieked, and Tommy tumbled the cricket off the table for the tenth time, just to see how much noise it would make.

The poor mother desperately pilled her needle, for the full space of five minutes, notwithstanding the hideous racket around her. At the end of this time, as Mrs. Bettywinkle feelingly remarked, "Fish and blood could endure no more." The din was too dreadful for mortal ears, and the married lady suddenly jumped out of her chair, and stamped her foot with terrific force upon the floor.

"Will you stop your noise children!" almost screamed Mrs. Bettywinkle. "I can't stand it any longer—and I won't. You'll kill me."

The children did stop this time. They were evidently awed by the dramatic action of the lady. Mrs. Bettywinkle seemed to be surprised that the din ceased; it was clearly an unexpected result, but none the less grateful on that account. She seated herself again, and the look of despair which she had worn seemed for a moment to be supplanted by a glow of triumph. As she resumed her work, Mr. Bettywinkle entered the room, and seated himself in the corner to read the evening paper. He was soon entirely absorbed in the "Latest News from the South," so entirely, indeed, that he did not heed the increasing uproar among the juvenile members of the family.

In about seven minutes from the time that Mrs. Bettywinkle had gone through with that successful tragic maneuver, his impression had entirely evaporated from the minds of the children. If possible, Johnny whined louder than before. Susie shrieked furiously enough to have done honor to the heroine of a story, and Tommy pitched the cricket over the top of the door.

Mrs. Bettywinkle looked terribly forlorn again, and Mr. Bettywinkle was completely buried in "excursion" and "compramis." Besides, he had a little private theory of his own. He seldom meddled with the lady's domestic government, being a respectable man.

"Oh, dear me!" sighed the lady at last, dropping her sewing into her lap, and looking for all the world as though her last friend on earth had deserted her. "For mercy's sake stop that noise, children; I am almost crazy. This house is worse than Bedlam."

But this was altogether too tame to have any effect upon the turbulent little ones, and there was not the slightest improvement in the aspect of affairs.

"John"—Mr. Bettywinkle's name was John, after one of the Evangelists—"John, will you speak to those children?"

"Stop your noise, children," said Mr. Bettywinkle, in a rather quiet tone, and even without raising his eyes from the paper.

Though Mr. Bettywinkle was no magician, and though there was not even any "shoot" in his eye at the time, his words wrought a miraculous result. Johnny's mouth closed as tight as the shells of an oyster threatened with the knife, and Susie and Tommy applied themselves to a picture book as zealously as though order had always reigned in Warsaw.

"Those children will be the death of me," sighed Mrs. Bettywinkle.

"I think not," replied her liege lord, with a pleasant smile.

"They certainly will," persisted she.

"Oh, no, I guess not," suggested he. "It is your bed-time, children," continued he, turning to the little ones.

"Let me sit up a little while longer, father!" said Susie.

"No, child, it is seven o'clock. Call Jenny and let her put Tommy to bed."

Susie called Jennie, and all of them kissed "pa" and then kissed "ma"—the little tortois—the murderers of her peace—the conspirators against her happiness—the imps that promised to be the death of her.

"Mamma's pet," exclaimed she, as she lifted little Tommy from the floor, and printed some sixteen or twenty kisses upon his rosy cheek.

They were gone, and the sitting-room was quiet as the vale of paradise. It was a sweet calm—a blessed hush in the tempest—which in a few moments elevated the spirit of the poor mother above the cares and trials, the din and uproar of this, to her, noisy world. Still the memory of the confusion that had reigned during the preceding hour was upon her, it was that which made the quiet of the present so grateful to her senses; for, as De Quincy truly says, happiness is only a comparative state.

"Those children won't mind me," Mrs. Bettywinkle remarked, after she had enjoyed the calm repose for a short time.

"Won't they?"

"They pay no more attention to what I say than if I didn't speak. They mind you the instant you speak."

"They ought to mind you," mildly suggested Mr. Bettywinkle, lowering his paper; for after a moment's reflection, he had resolved to ventilate his theory to a prudent extent.

"They won't, I can't make them mind me. I scold, and scold, and threaten till my throat is sore, and it don't do me a bit of good."

"That's the very reason why it don't do any good."

"What?"

"That you scold and storm and threaten them. Don't you know that sailors get used to the noise of the ship, and soldiers to the roar of the cannon? They don't mind such things. I never could get at them—they mind me. You scold and fret half your time—they won't mind you. Why, Mary, I should think to hear you talk to them, that your children were a nuisance to you—that you wished them all to the bottom of the sea—I know you don't."

"How can a body help it? They vex me all day long."

"But your scolding and fretting makes the matter worse. The children know that the dog which barks the loudest never bites. Talk calmly and gently to them. If they don't mind, make them mind. When you tell them to do anything, say that they do it the first time you require it."

"Well, I don't know," sighed Mrs. Bettywinkle. She really did not know. She had acquired the habit of scolding and fretting at her children, though there never was a more loving and devoted mother, and consequently her authority had become a broken reed. We are sorry to add that her husband's excellent solution of the children's obedience produced no marked effect, but we hope a second lecture will be more effective.

Fretting and scolding in the schoolroom or at the bedside are worse than useless; they are positively demoralizing. Wherever we find them, the children, from the nature of the case, must be disobedient. They can't help it. A child may love, but cannot, to a proper degree, respect a parent who is continually fretting and scolding. Love alone will not always produce obedience. Respect—not awe or fear—makes a willing child.

We beg Mr. and Mrs. Bettywinkle's pardon for exposing their domestic affairs to the public; but if they feel aggrieved, we implore them to cherish the spirit of the patriot, and feel that they suffer for the public good.

#### ANECDOTE OF FATHER SEARLE.

A correspondent from New Hampshire says: Hon. Daniel Webster had an anecdote of old Father Searle, the minister of his boyhood, which has never been in print, and which is too good to be lost. It was customary then to wear buckskin breeches in cool weather. One Sunday morning, in the Autumn, Father Searle brought his down from the garret; but the wasps had taken possession during the Summer, and were having a nice time in them. By dint of effort he got out the intruders and dressed for meeting. But while reading the Scriptures to the congregation, he felt a dagger from one of the enraged small waisted fellows, and jumped about the pulpit slapping his thighs. But the more he slapped around and danced, the more they stung. The people thought him crazy, and were in commotion what to do; but he explained the matter by saying: "Brethren, don't be alarmed. The word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the Devil is in my breeches!"

#### CURIOUS OLD ENGLISH LAW.

An Eastern exchange says: What would become of about one half of our female population were a law to be promulgated anything like the following, passed by the English Parliament in 1770, and which should be entitled:

"A Law Against Obtaining Husbands under False Pretences.—That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree—whether virgin, maid, or widow—who shall, after this act, impose on, seduce, and betray into matrimony, any of His Majesty's male subjects, by virtue of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron, iron stays, bolstered hips, hoops or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors; and the marriage, under such circumstances, upon conviction of the offending party, shall be null and void."

#### SECRET OF BEING LOVED.

WILLIAM WIRT's letter to his daughter, on the "small sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned. He writes: "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing what Sterne so happily calls 'the small, sweet courtesies' in which there is no parade; whose voice is too still to cease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the fields, walking, sitting or standing."

### Miscellaneous.

FRANCIS E. BROWNELL, the avenger of Ellsworth, has been appointed a second lieutenant.

A female slave died lately, at Clarksville, Tenn., aged 107 years. In her cap was a pension badge.

Twenty thousand gallons of water are sent from Baltimore weekly to Fortress Monroe for the use of the garrison.

Commissions which have been granted to young men under 22, to act as lieutenants in the rebel army, are to be revoked.

The Arkansas State Convention has passed a military bill, authorizing the Governor to call out 60,000, if necessary.

SOMETHING NEW.—A new upright Tomato, requiring no support, has been produced in France. It grows two feet high, and the stock is as upright and stiff as a tree.

The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury says the ten Confederate States will soon be ready to furnish, if necessary, \$100,000,000, and five hundred thousand fighting men.

Among the troops arrived at Richmond, are the New Orleans Zouaves, 630 strong; they attract much attention, and are a great source of pride, the Zouaves express a great desire to meet poor Ellsworth's "Pet Lambie."

A DOMESTIC EXPOSITION.—The Federal troops at Philadelphia captured a quantity of shoes belonging to the rebels, but found they were not much of a prize after all. The soles were made of wood, and covered with stained paper. It is supposed that they were furnished by the same contractors who supplied the northern volunteers with clothes.

SEARLE'S TEST OF A MAN.—In a late speech before the Baptist Home Missionary Society in England, the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon thus ventilated his opinions respecting white cravats and men:—"What I mean by a man, is not a person with a white cravat and a black coat. No persons wear them but waiters at luns, assistants in drapers' shops, undertakers' men and ministers. I believe they are a badge of servitude. What I mean by a man is just this: One who has got a thing in his heart and means to do it—if he smash the earth and shake the heavens in doing it."

A WORLD'S CONFERENCE OF EVANGELICAL CHRISTIANS.—Arrangements have been made for holding a Conference of Christians from all parts of the world, at Geneva, on the 2d of next September, to close on the 12th; and the Rev. Dr. Merle D'Aubigne has written a letter to the London News, giving the programme of its prospective deliberations. It is expected that all the prominent church questions of the day will be fully and freely discussed by distinguished representatives of different countries. The action of this body will be looked for with considerable interest.

ARMS FOR CALIFORNIA.—The United States Government has appropriated 2000 stand of arms to the State of California, being the quota to which she was entitled in former years, and not applied for. The order was obtained through the exertions of Gen. Kibbe, on his late visit to Washington. By the last steamer the requisition arrived, by virtue of which they were turned over from the General to the State Government authorities.

GRASSHOPPERS.—The Grasshoppers are reported to be causing much damage in various sections of California. They are said to be committing sad ravages in Tulare Valley. The Delta says one man declares that they have eaten all his vegetables above ground, and commenced digging his potatoes! The Petaluma Argus says, we have them here in Sonoma County to such an extent, that they are eating up everything that is green in Two Rock Valley, and have eaten the potato-tops to the ground; and between the Hay stack and "Our House" the road is swarming with them. A farmer told us that they had commenced on his fence! These destructive insects have also appeared in the vicinity of Marysville, and are devouring every green thing in their way, including peach-trees, vegetables, grain, etc.